

## Booked Through.

A MINER sat on a hillside—a big, burly fellow, who looked every inch a ruffian, but carried a heart beneath his coarse shirt as tender as a baby's.

Above him, on either hand, towered the peaks of the California Sierras in solemn grandeur. At his feet lay a gulch of considerable depth, with a number of rough wooden shafts huddled together in the bed of it.

It was a Sunday afternoon; the sun hung low over the western hills, and never a clinked in all the gulch. Only, at intervals, a sound of drunken merriment came floating up from Griffith's saloon.

As the miner listened to the sound his lips curled in a smile of content. God knows what his past had been, but whatever it had been it had left him gloomy, taciturn, unsocial. His miner chums had nicknamed him "Gentleman Jim," but in spite of his solitary habits they respected him less than they feared him.

"Where's the kid off to now, I wonder?" he said, looking about him in search of some one. "Lime-see—she was pointing down hill last time I set eyes on her. Come, old hoss, let's go on her up."

The child of whom he spoke was the only one in the gulch. Her mother had never been seen in those parts, and her father was dead—a victim to a bit of venereal disease.

Anything more unlike the rough and ready frequenters of the mines than this daughter of the diggers could not well be imagined. The worst men have something good and tender in them still, and drinking, knife-fighting, lawless crew though the miners were, in the presence of "the lass," they became as docile as lambs. They fairly worshipped her. As for Gentleman Jim, he had constituted himself her special protector.

The two were mutually drawn to each other, and many a happy hour did the miner, solitary, spend in the society of the tiny, prattling child.

Now that she had strayed from his side, he rose abruptly and stood down the slope, looking to right and left for some sign of the tramp.

Just below the group of shanties a deep earth-cutting seemed the hillside like a monster gash. It was the starting point of a branch railway, which when completed would connect the diggings with Dragon City, the nearest point of the great trunk line, some four miles farther down the gulch.

The rails, as a matter of fact, were already laid, and the diggings would ere long have been in touch with the outer world had not a tremendous frost swept away a portion of the railway embankment only a few weeks before.

Upon the hillside cutting the miner's gaze lingered doubtfully. On the track at its foot there stood, he knew, a number of hand cars or trollies, and on these he had once found the child playing. He had forbidden her ever going there again, for the trollies were prevented from starting off in a mad career down the steep track by a mere block of wood placed under the front wheel of each.

"No," he said to himself, with a shake of his shaggy head, "she wouldn't go with them if I had her not." So, dismissing the doubt from his mind, he directed his steps toward the shanties.

As he neared them he caught up with a couple of miners, who were coming from the diggings of the railway.

"Seen anything of the lass, mates?" he asked.

The miners stopped. One of them was somewhat muddled on his legs, the other fairly sober. The latter made answer.

"Seen her just now playing on one of them trolleys."

"On the trolleys, do you say, mate?"

"That's what I said," replied the other, "and don't you forget it!"

Gentleman Jim did not seem likely to forget it. On the contrary, he set off toward the railway at a run.

"Looked rather queer," remarked the miner of the two miners to his companion, "as if I'll run back and see what's up."

Two minutes sufficed to bring the latter to the edge of the cutting. Fifty feet below, at the bottom of the cutting, and in the lowermost of the line of trollies, knelt "the lass," grasping the crumpled end of the car with both hands and staring wildly at her.

At a glance Gentleman Jim saw that the crank was beginning to revolve. The trolley was in motion.

He shouted, and the child, raising her head, looked up the slope. As she did so the heavy iron crank swung sharply round, striking her upon the temple, and fell her to the bottom of the car, where, released from the restraint of her hands, began to move rapidly down the sloping track.

Gentleman Jim closed the track almost at a bound, but he was too late to save the child. Kicking the wedge from under the wheel of the next in line, he was about to set it in motion when the miner who had discovered the whereabouts of "the lass" came sliding down the bank to his side.

"Tumble in, mate," shouted Gentleman Jim. "The lass's off as fast as the track in yonder trolley."

"Then I ain't a fool as to follow her," retorted the other, coolly. "Reckon you know the big dumper washed out."

"Ay, I know it well," and Gentleman Jim, leaving his partner, ran quickly to catch that trolley after it jumps the rails into the wash-out. Will ye come?"

"Turned if I did," was the dogged reply. Gentleman Jim stood holding the trolley back with one hand. With the other he held the trolley and the wash-out and swung him upon the car.

The trolley was filled with double cranks. One of these Gentleman Jim seized. "Take hold," said he to his unwilling companion, or, by Heaven, I'll duck ye over the first trolley that comes."

The other valiantly obeyed, and the light car, impelled by their united strength, shot forward with a velocity that made the wheels fairly sing upon the rails.

The runaway trolley had now passed out of sight round a bend. Presently, however, it reappeared—the line forming a continuous zigzag in its descent of the precipitous gulch—a full quarter of a mile ahead. And the wash-out was but two. With such a start could the runaway be overtaken in time? Gentleman Jim heaved at the crank and the great hand of minutes upon his arm seemed like to burst beneath the strain.

Again the runaway sped out of and leaped into view. The child could now be seen clinging to the side of the car, her hair streaming in the wind. She had recovered from the effects of the blow, Gentleman Jim thought of the wash-out and groaned.

"Better if she'd never come to," he muttered, "better far." Then, with a sudden fierce energy, he ran, faster, or I'll duck ye over the dumper!"

His companion gave him a malignant look, but reduced his efforts.

"On and on, down and down, as swift as a mountain eagle on the wing! Was the distance between themselves and the runaway lessening? It seemed so.

And here, borne back on the wild rush of mountainside, came a sound like a wall. The child was singing:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thee be so close,  
That I may tell of Thee to every soul,  
That I may tell of Thee to every soul."

Gentleman Jim gave a great gulp as he caught the words. "Ay, rising the word for me," he muttered, "straight for kingdom come. Send her forward, mate—forward, for all you're worth!"

The trolley fairly leaped. Again that walling note floated to his ears:

"Other refuge have I none,  
Hanging by the slender thread of life,  
"Tis a curse, a curse, I tell ye, 'neath  
The cross, the cross, the cross, the cross."

## About Things Literary.

(Written for The Times.)

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The managing editor placed the book in the desk of a member of the staff with no other instructions than to look it over and review it on its merits. In a few days the Journal printed a column article reviewing the book. It was declared that the book had no scientific value and an effort was made to seriously show why.

There was also some ridicule of the book. The author sued the Journal for heavy damages. On the trial in the circuit court the jury rendered a verdict for the author, and the damages were fixed at \$500, in spite of the fact that adverse criticism sometimes helps the sale of a book.

The supreme court reversed this verdict and says: "No malice was shown by the defendant unless it was clearly deducible from the article itself. On the contrary it appears to be clearly established that the defendant made no malice toward him, and that the book was placed by him in the hands of a critic, without any comments or instructions."

An author invites criticism, and however hostile it may be, and however much damage it may do him by preventing its sale, the critic is not liable in any action for libel, provided he makes no malicious statement of material facts contained in the writing and does not attack the character of the author. The book and the criticism are both before the public. In this case the personal character and reputation of the author are not attacked. His theories, and theories, are not attacked, or to attack or denounce them with sarcasm or ridicule. The declaration contains no imputations, and although the criticism is undoubtedly severe and harsh, it does not exceed the bounds of legitimate criticism. This is a valuable precedent.

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It speaks of the Latin Renaissance, so it appears that there really is movement among the literati. A little nation doing into the subject makes it known that Italy has a promising candidate for international immortality. He is a young man barely thirty-two, a native of Pescara on the Adriatic coast, in Abruzzo, the province of the great poet, Gabriele D'Annunzio, and simple-minded and honest inhabitants are never weary of extolling him. His name is Giovanni Verga, and his characters are in a large measure portraits of himself, endowed with his personal views and characteristics. He has not flattered himself with a foreign name, his men are somewhat weak and frequently egotistical. His style seems to be more perfect than that of any other writer of his time, and his subjects are French and Russian influence but patriotically southern and national in a warm and impulsive eloquence.

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# Interesting History

## OF THE

# SUCCESS OF TERRALINE

## What Terraline Really Is.

—For many years medical science had sought an agent that would cure the initial stages of consumption by nourishing and building up the body.

Codliver Oil, with its unpleasant and nauseating characteristics, had been the only remedy at hand for a long period, when Terraline was discovered. Its results, when it could be taken by the patient, were uncertain.

—TERRALINE—a pure product of petroleum, tasteless and palatable—was first introduced to the medical profession five years ago, and physicians were requested to test its remarkable remedial qualities in their practice and report.

—In five years over two thousand reports of cases of Consumption, Pneumonia, Bronchial Troubles, Coughs, Colds, wasting diseases, loss of flesh and strength, etc., were received and wonderful results noted from the use of Terraline.

—Terraline was not advertised (except in strictly medical journals) and yet it was at once recognized as a most valuable discovery.

—Physicians everywhere enthusiastically indorse it.

—Washington physicians (the most prominent) prescribe it regularly.

—TERRALINE builds up, makes flesh, nourishes and strengthens.

—Children do not have to be coaxed to take TERRALINE. TERRALINE cures Croup.

—TERRALINE is not a patent medicine.

—The grand results of five years careful experimenting, and the unqualified endorsement of the profession justify the TERRALINE COMPANY in now giving this remedy a national and international publicity.

Terraline is For Sale by all Druggists.

One Dollar per Bottle.

The Terraline Company, Washington, D. C.

and an extra one hundred copies on Japan paper.

Henry Waterson is going to write a life of Abraham Lincoln.

Maxwell Gray is a hopeless invalid permanently confined to his sofa.

There is talk of a